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THE BYSTANDER May 1, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Local Girl Makes Good : Olivia de Havilland

The story that the movies so much like, about a girl whose success springs from an off-chance, is abundantly true in the case of Olivia de Havilland. A Californian, living in nearby Saratoga, she had the job of second understudy in the part of Hermia for Max Reinhardt's Hollywood Bowl production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Naturally by film logic, incredibly in real life, she got her chance to play the part, and continued in it with great success all over the States on the stage, and eventually in Reinhardt's screen version. After that, star film parts came thick and fast, including appearances in *Anthony Adverse*, *Captain Blood*, and *Robin Hood*, until the role of Melanie Hamilton, second lead in *Gone With the Wind*, made her an important unit in the opulent team currently packing three West End cinemas at high prices. Apart from "the greatest film ever made," Olivia de Havilland, whose sister is also a Hollywood headliner as Joan Fontaine, was most recently seen over here with David Niven in *Raffles*

The Duchess of Gloucester *paid her first visit last week as Air Commandant to an aerodrome in the Midlands, and inspected detachments of W.A.A.F.s. Walking round with her here is, on the left, Group Captain Grenfell. The Duchess of Gloucester was appointed Air Commandant of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force in March, at the same time as the Duchess of Kent became Commandant of the W.R.N.S.*

Vice-Chiefs of Staff *for the three Services were appointed last week. Holders of the new titles are General Sir John Dill, now assistant to Sir Edmund Ironside, formerly C.-in-C. First Corps in France; Vice-Admiral Tom Phillips, who becomes Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff instead of Deputy Chief; Air Marshal R. E. C. Peirse, whose position on the Air Staff also changes from Deputy Chief to Vice-Chief*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IT is characteristic of the British in wartime that they do not discuss the Budget. The details of the Chancellor's speech are read in grim silence, and that is all. The only additional tax which aroused a flicker of interest this time has been the extra 1/9½ on whisky, and even this flicker is mainly academic. The new tax is designed to reduce home-consumption and set free whisky for export.

MR. DUFF COOPER spoke out boldly and well on St. George's Day, when he deputised for Mr. Winston Churchill. He made no mealy, compromising speech of the sort so dear to our would-be Fifth Column, who bleat in high voices "Hitler is a great man; Goering is a sportsman." Mr. Cooper would have none of it. "The series of crimes which have made a horror of Europe are not the crimes of one man, nor the crimes of a small band of criminals. They are the crimes of a whole people." Brave, strong words, and nothing which the *Manchester Guardian* can say will alter the truth of them.

THE five most powerful battleships ever built in this country are to join the Navy on active service very soon. They are the King George V., Prince of Wales, Duke of York, Jellicoe, and Beatty. The French have also speeded up the completion of their two new ships, the Richelieu and the Jean Bart. With more than a third of the German Navy out of action, and the arrival of these seven colossal ships, the Mediterranean may look faintly less like an Italian lake than the Italian Press seems to consider it.

IT is significant of the supreme confidence of the Admiralty that Sir Charles Craven has been transferred to the Air Ministry. Sir Charles has been in charge of naval shipbuilding for the last few years, and is one of the most powerful figures in the munitions world. It will be his business to speed up the production of aircraft now that Sir Kingsley Wood has departed for higher (or is it lower?—I never remember) spheres of activity.

SIGNOR ANSALDO, the Italian newspaper-editor, joined heartily in the sabre-rattling of the last few weeks against the Allies. Among other dainty little statements, he remarked that "those who are vanquished in this war will be expropriated and exploited in every way. They will be reduced to the state of Chinese coolies, compelled to toil for others." This sentiment does little credit to Signor Ansaldo's humanity, but it shows what a wise man Signor Mussolini is to save the Italians from taking part in the war.

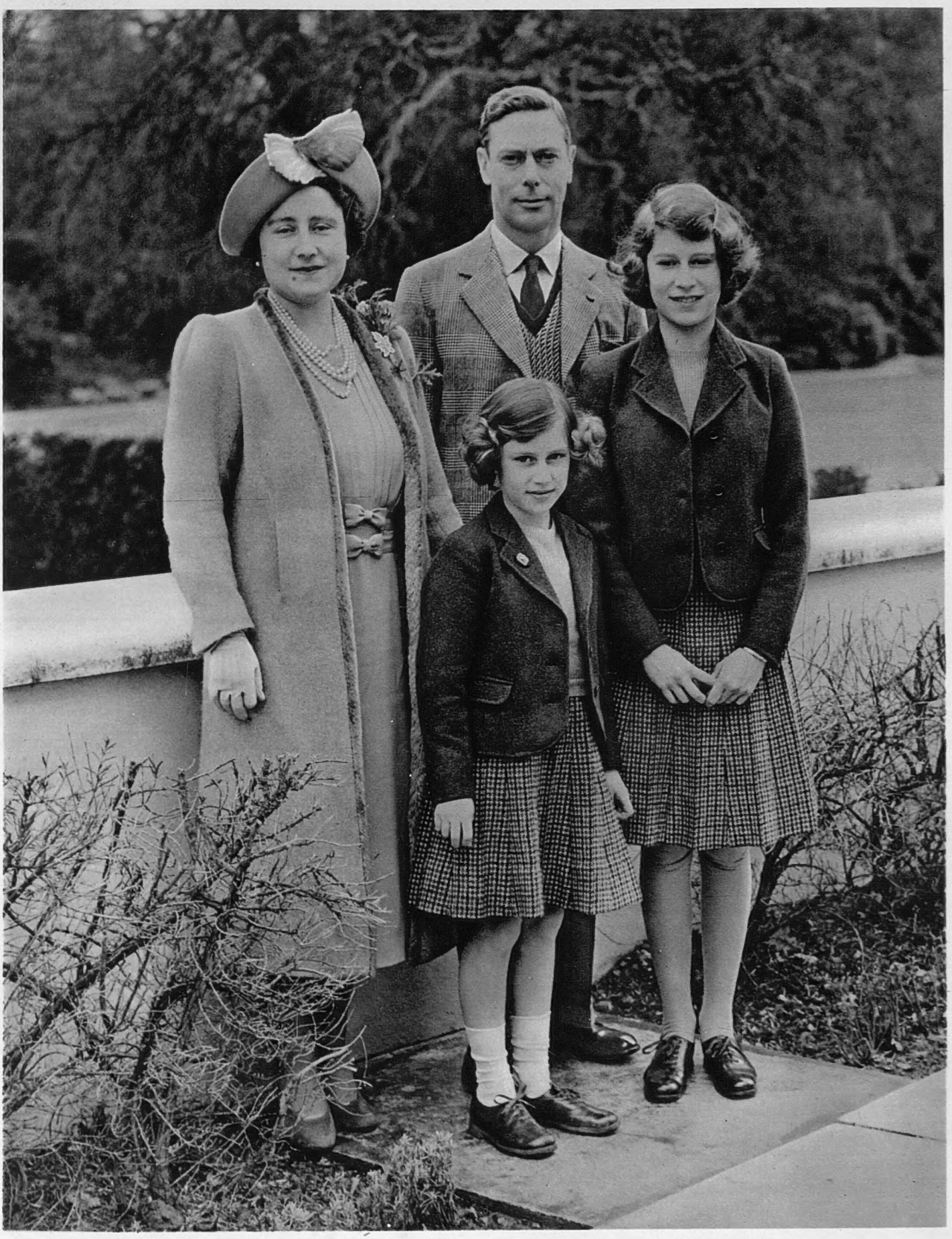
SIR JOHN ANDERSON has been giving some interesting figures about crime during the first six months of the war. There has been some increase in shop-breaking, bag-snatching, and the theft of motor-cars. On the other hand, burglary and house-breaking and robbery with violence have all gone down. So far as I remember, it was the same in the last war. The Royal Engineers, who were in charge of the supply dumps, used to maintain with some warmth that all the burglars had got commissions in the Royal Artillery. But this, of course, was a dreadful slander.

MR. VERNON BARTLETT, M.P., has been asking the Minister of Information what steps are being taken to prevent news of military importance from crossing the border from Northern Ireland into Eire, and thence going by the Berlin Diplomatic bag from Dublin to Berlin. The answer was that "all practical steps are being taken." It is a bitter reflection for all liberal-minded men and women who fought so hard for the freedom of Ireland in the old days that Ireland to-day should be on friendly terms with the murderers of Poland and the exponents of the concentration camp. The Irish passion for freedom turns out only to have been a passion for Irish freedom.

IN the campaign for collecting scrap-metal, clergymen in many parts of England are telling the Iron and Steel Control that churchyard railings would never be missed and that they ought to be collected for the national war effort. I warmly agree with them, and I would also throw in all the railings round the gardens in London Squares. The preservation of these patches of green grass for the benefit of an occasional elderly Pekinese or cynical Chow has always seemed to me a barbarous relic of the age of enclosures.

RAILWAY fares are to jump by 10 per cent., and the Opposition Parties in the House are not at all pleased with Captain Euan Wallace, the Minister of Transport. It is not that they object so much to the increase itself. They

(*Concluded on page 128*)



Many Happy Returns of the Day

On Sunday, April 21st, Princess Elizabeth was fourteen years old. It was to celebrate this event that the extremely good family photograph above was taken the day before. She also had her birthday tea and film party on the Saturday. On her birthday she opened her many presents, heard the bells of St. George's Chapel and Windsor Parish Church rung in her honour, went to church with her father and mother and sister, motored in Windsor Great Park in the afternoon, with the King driving, saw her great-great uncle, the Duke of Connaught, who came to tea, and her aunt and uncle and cousins, the Duke and Duchess of Kent and their children

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 126)

object to the way in which the increase has been imposed. The Minister listened to the claim of the Railway Companies and awarded the increase without listening to any other arguments. Captain Wallace plaintively replied that he himself was quite satisfied with the justice of the railways' case, and seemed a little hurt when Members retorted that they were not quite satisfied with Captain Wallace.

THE National Gallery was free to the public in pre-war days, except on one day a week. Now the walls are bare of the great pictures and, instead, an exhibition has been hung of "British Paintings Since Whistler," and the charge for admission is now sixpence on every day. This is a quite unwarrantable charge. The National Gallery belongs to the public, and it is wrong to impose a charge at any time. To impose a charge for this comparatively unimportant exhibition is silly as well.

WHEN Princess Elizabeth celebrated her fourteenth birthday last week, she was visited by the godson of a man who was born in 1769. The Duke of Connaught, of course, and the Duke of Wellington.

THE war has sadly cut down the number of music recitals, and it is, therefore, with all the more confidence that I commend to your attention Mr. Peter Stadlen's Recital at the Wigmore Hall on May 8th. Mr. Stadlen's European fame has preceded him to this country, but I expect he will catch it up in a week or two.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY is right to express his concern at the rising cost of tobacco. The pipe-smoker in the humbler walks of life especially is hard-hit. The rich man who smokes a pipe will never notice the extra pennies, but for the Old Age Pensioner it will be very different. Mr. Priestley suggests that either some cheaper brands of tobacco should be excused tax, or arrangements should be made for Old Age Pensioners to get a limited supply of tobacco free of tax altogether.

IT probably means very little to the ordinary reader to be told that the Boulting Twins have been given a six-months' extension before they are called up for military service. But when the war is over and the Boulting Twins return—as I fervently hope they will return—intact to the film world, a very great deal will be heard of them. These remarkable young men, at the age of about twenty-five, scraped a few hundred pounds together, and made a short film that was so outstandingly good that a big Wardour Street firm gave them the backing to make another bigger one. When their latest film is released, I think there will be a considerable sensation.

NOW that Major Quisling has provided such an admirable name to describe all traitors, and has shown by his example how much can be done by treachery, an outcry is beginning in this country against possible traitors. As usual, the popular agitation is going in the wrong direction. The danger does not come from the thousands of refugees who know what Hitlerism means, and who know exactly what would happen to them if Hitler won. No; the dangerous people are much nearer home. High among them I would place the spreaders of alarmist rumours who, when challenged to produce their authority for any of their statements, take a cowardly refuge in coy anonymity. There are also the people who say that our Generals are no good and that our guns won't fire, and that the Admiralty is concealing gigantic losses. All these people are Quisling-ites.

THE theatre-world is in a curious state of up-and-down, but gradually it is becoming possible to distinguish some sort of reason for the extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune. For example, the revue at the Playhouse, which ran for only one night, apparently ran quite long enough. On the other hand, the really good revues are prospering. And so it is with the straight drama. It is absurd to say that people don't like serious plays in wartime, when they pack the house to see Mr. Emlyn Williams' pair. I think the truth of the matter is that money is comparatively scarce, and people are only going to risk their cash on something good.

THE same economic necessity of husbanding the extra half-crowns is going to hit the younger authors in the book-world very hard. With paper so scarce the publishers are only going to publish books that have a reasonable chance of success, and the public are only going to buy books that have a reasonable prospect of providing entertainment. So between the two, the younger author is in for a hard time I am afraid. And probably the hardest case of all will be the author of about thirty who has fought his way up through five or six novels nearly to the pay-line, but who now may find himself forced right back to the beginning. Or, indeed, even further.

***Lady Simon** saw her husband off from 11, Downing Street on Budget Day as if he was leaving on a tremendous trip. But his Budget caused no sensation, is rather considered not bold enough. Mr. J. M. Keynes was moved to write, "I marvel how little this country understands (and how shamefully little the Chancellor does to enlighten it) what sacrifices victory will require," and calculates that Sir John Simon must be counting on individuals voluntarily saving twice as much per week as they have hitherto done*

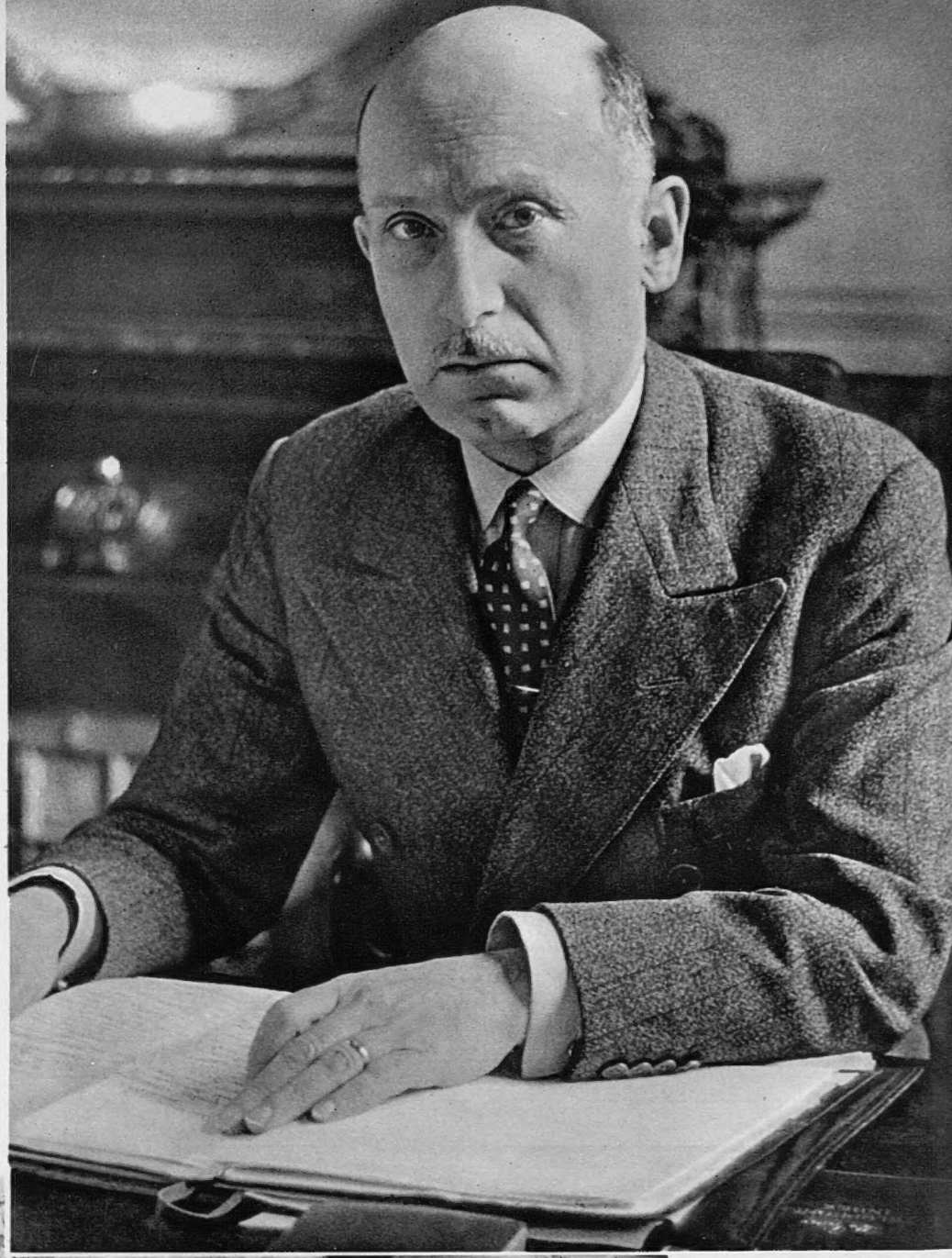
***Mr. Norman Rogers,** Canadian Minister of National Defence, arrived in England about two weeks ago for conferences with the British Government, and Canadian representatives in London. Last Wednesday he visited the 1st Division, Canadian Active Service Force at Aldershot, saw every phase of their training. Here with Major-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, C.-in-C. 1st Canadian Division, he inspected a soldier's gas dress. Mr. Rogers' special interest is the Empire air training scheme; he is chairman of the supervising board*

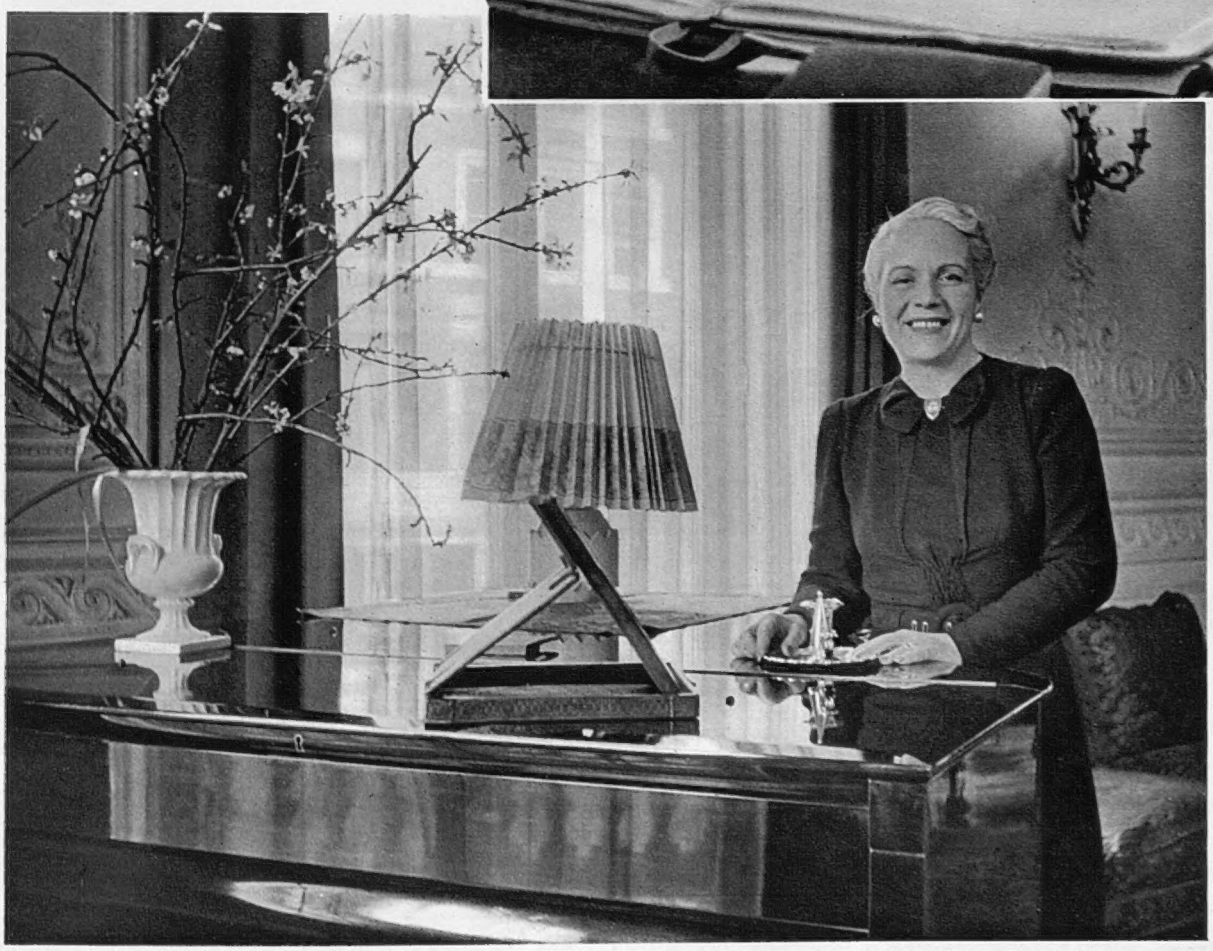
The "Bystander" visits the

Royal Bulgarian Legation

Although more fortunate than many Balkan countries in not being the immediate neighbour of any potential aggressor, Bulgaria has, in common with the other States of south-eastern Europe, many worries. Herself a loser by the last war, she has a permanent sense of grievance over the cession of the Dobrudja to Rumania, and it is mainly this strip of Black Sea coast which has always kept her outside the Balkan Entente. Relations with Turkey have also not always been too happy, though a general improvement has been noticed recently, and treaties of non-aggression have been signed with her neighbours. In London, Bulgaria's Tsar Boris (who is in fact, as well as in theory, a controller of his country's foreign policy) is represented by his Excellency M. Nicolas Momtchiloff, who hails from Sofia. The Legation where these pictures were taken is situated in quiet South Kensington, at 24, Queen's Gate Gardens, with the Chancellery nearby in Onslow Gardens. In it M. Momtchiloff has lived since, in 1938, he came to London from Berne, where he was previously Bulgarian Minister to the Swiss Government, holding concurrently, during the three years he was there, the post of Bulgarian representative to the League of Nations. His transfer to England has reduced his opportunities for one of his favourite sports, mountaineering, but gives him plenty of chances for riding, on which he is also keen

Photographs by Kosmos





Mme. Momtchiloff, *seen on the left in the drawing-room of the Legation, is Sofia-born, the daughter of M. Sarasoff, a former Director General of the Bulgarian State Railways, which are among Tsar Boris's keenest and most publicised interests. Like her husband, who speaks fluent German, French, Italian and English, she is a fine linguist*

Heroes Home

Four Submarines Return to Port, and a Destroyer Crew Comes to London to be Welcomed by Mr. Winston Churchill

"SUNFISH" *Lieut.-Commander J. Slaughter brought his submarine into port on a bright sunny day, and she came alongside her parent ship to tremendous cheers from the crew. Out of the seven German transport and supply ships sunk between April 8th and 12th, Sunfish was responsible for four, totalling 17,000 tons. She herself went through the ordeal of depth-charges*

"SEALION" *The cheerful unshaven the submarine arrived chips. When the benefit, because they*

"SNAPPER" *Thumbs up for the crew when they landed on home ground, their contribution to the havoc played by British submarines among German ships being four, possibly five, transports and supply carriers. Snapper, commanded by Lieut.-Com, W. D. King, landed four German prisoners, was bombed by German aircraft*

"SEAL" *Oddest epilogue of submarine exploits in the North Sea was the unloading of two bags of golf-clubs from Seal when she berthed in her home port. Jack Warner's "sealions and 'sills'" song seems to apply, if German ships are fishes and "ills," to the whole "S" submarine flotilla*

Sealion men went on board the parent ship as soon as in port, and sat down to plates of eggs and bacon and photographer came in they put on a mild foolery turn for his were home again, and going on leave, all thirty-five of them.

Lieut.-Commander Ben Bryant found his wife waiting for him on his submarine's depot ship. Sealion sank a 3000-ton German transport during its spell of very active service off the Norwegian coast

"HARDY"

Biggest welcome home of all was given to officers and men of the destroyer Hardy, when they came to London to be greeted on Horse Guards Parade by the First Lord of the Admiralty, the First Sea Lord, and other Admiralty officers. The Hardy party was led by Lieut.-Com. Mansell (below, with his wife), wearing Norwegian dress. He was first lieutenant of the Hardy under Captain Warburton Lee, who died of wounds before the crew of the grounded Hardy reached the shore; he kept the beached ship's guns firing until the last possible moment

The clothes of the Hardy men when they arrived home from Narvik have already become world news. So has the heroism of their exploits, from the moment of Captain Warburton-Lee's signal to the Admiralty, "Going into action," through the battle on April 10th in Narvik Fjord, when the Hardy, heavily damaged, was grounded (she has since been refloated), to the crew's landing to "carry on the war on another element," rifles in hand, and carrying their wounded with them, until at Ballangen they made contact with the Norwegians, and with the Ivanhoe that brought them home

Presentation: Lord Willingdon and Miss Pat Kirkwood

Shirley Temple has her birthday on St. George's Day and to celebrate it sent a cheque to St. George's Hospital, London, Eng. A little ceremony of presentation took place on the steps of the hospital when Pat Kirkwood, star of "Black Velvet," handed the cheque to Lord Willingdon, vice-president of the hospital. Behind them stood a shining-armoured boy St. George

Premiere: Ambassadors at "Gone With the Wind"

Constance Duchess of Westminster and Lady Headfort went to one of the three simultaneous premieres of "Gone With the Wind" with two Ambassadors. One of them was the Duke of Alba, Envoy of General Franco's Spain, and the other was Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, who has been Belgian Ambssador since 1927. "Gone With the Wind" is reviewed on page 145

In and Out of London

Four Events of the Week

Christening: Lord Camoys' First Grandson

Ralph Thomas Campion George Sherman Stonor was christened in Stonor Park Chapel when he was just a week old. He is the son and heir of Sec.-Lieut. the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor (she was Jeanne Stourton). In the group here are Lord Camoys, the baby's grandfather, holding his year-old granddaughter, Julia Stonor, Lady Gillian Drummond, one of the godparents, holding her godson, the Marquise d'Hautpol, Lord Camoys' aunt, and Mrs. Stourton, the baby's grandmother. Senhor Raul Regis de Oliveira, who left for Brazil next day, was one of the seven godparents

Racing: Com. and Lady Anne Bowlby and Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley

The trio on the left were at the Leicester race meeting. Lady Anne Bowlby and Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley are the elder daughters of the Earl of Wharncliffe. The former married Com. Vivian Salvin Bowlby, R.N., as his second wife last year

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Do you think this'll get into the Bystander, *Angus?"*

Oasis

DRINKING the toast of "Le Roi" in mess at St. James's, the officers of the Royal 22nd (French-Canadian) Regiment, which did its turn of guard at Buckingham Palace, we thought, as efficiently as any Blimp could desire, certainly marked what the Press boys call an epoch. Not since French ceased to be the language of the ruling English, in late Plantagenet times, has the King's health been so drunk by his officers, and we thought it helpful of one of the gossip boys to explain beforehand that French-Canadians come from Canada and are subjects of Empire, just like other Canadians, except that they speak French. And except he might have added, that they live in a kind of Arcadia which (travellers say) is unique in this tortured world, preserving the antique French customs and locutions, living the old, solid French pastoral and family and religious life, and giving not a damn for the fantasies of the jazz boys who lead Modern Thought. That recent clanjamfry, pother, and tohu-bohu over votes for women in Quebec Province showed, we thought, how little the real French-Canada is concerned with this present age and its whimsies. Not many of the Arcadians seemed to grasp the fact that if every flapper had a vote they'd be within spitting-distance of millennium, like us. Their attitude was that of their ancestors, who considered a woman's influence and skill to be more reasonably exerted in bringing up a family, and her right sphere to be the home. They were, of course, defeated, amid shrieks of derisive laughter from the progress boys, and before long they'll know how very wrong they were, we expect.

And if you deem us, personally, to be a barnacled old mediæval reactionary, we may add that we're far in advance, at this very moment, of the most progressive democratic thought and tra-la-la there is. We don't think the Flapper Vote is half enough. We'd extend the vote here and now to bow-wows as well (bless their sweet faces!), being convinced that they'd use it just as intelligently, while continuing to help, comfort, and advise the Island Race as before. Mumble that off.

Chic

IF it seems a bit hard, as a Commander, R.N., has suggested in *The Times*, that to command a destroyer or a trawler or any small ship engaged in the wettest and dirtiest work an officer has, whatever his means, to wear a £17 uniform with a £3 10s. cap and an 11-guinea overcoat. It is not the tailors' fault, but the Admiralty's. Maybe it's because standard Naval uniform came in so late, and they aren't yet used to it, that the Lords insist on sticking to what the naval bloke in *The Times* called their foolish dress-regulations. Maybe they feel that if they relaxed them in the slightest, the bad old days of foppery and flafla might come back; and if you've forgotten what dressy Naval officers looked like before Trafalgar, we've just turned up Slogger Smollett in your behalf. When Captain Whiffle, of H.M. frigate Thunder tripped aboard his new command at Jamaica he wore an exquisitely-cut pink silk coat, a white satin gold-embroidered waistcoat, a shirt and ruffles of finest Mechlin-edged cambric, crimson velvet breeches, silk stockings, and blue morocco shoes with diamond buckles. White gloves covered the Captain's dainty hands, and a ring sparkled on each little finger; a steel-hilted, gold-inlaid rapier with a rich gold tassel hung from his side, an amber-headed cane dangled from his wrist. Captain Whiffle was further attended by a valet-de-chambre and three footmen, and the tropic air in his wake was so impregnated with sweet perfumes that even the stench of the lower deck—which was always considerable—wasn't noticeable. Not all naval blokes of the period had this chic and allure—Smollett himself seems to imply that the elegant Whiffle is something of a tease and a tomboy—but evidently such figures have etched themselves deeply on the memory of the Admiralty, causing it to lay down the present stringent sumptuary laws and thereby obviating the possibility of a pack of fellers walking their quarter-decks in sables and astrakhan. For as yet, apparently, no little bird has flown in and whispered to those Lords, among other facts of life, that you can get an overcoat nowadays for less than eleven guineas. You remember what the Edwardian Duke said when they explained to him at great length the purpose of the napkin-rings used by the middle classes? "Good God!" said the Duke, aghast. "Good God!"

"Now Master Maurice mustn't tell fibs"

Buddy

THE strange nonchalance of the Danes —one eye-witness has even described it as "lightheartedness"—while handing themselves over to the conqueror is one of the more baffling enigmas of this war, so far. Especially to chaps who still remember, from the history books, the vivacious goings-on of these blue-eyed terrors in Anglo-Saxon times, their perpetual raiding up the Thames to fire

towns and slaughter bishops and aldermen, the way we had to buy them off with Danegeld time after time. Yet apart from one or two airmen, one or two frontier-squads, and the Palace sentries in Copenhagen, not a Dane stirred a finger to defend himself the other day, apparently. Moreover, no reaction was reported from Holger Danske, who sits dreaming in the cavern under the old Castle of Kronenburg, close by Elsinore in the Sound, clad in steel, his long beard rooted in the marble table.

Each Christmas Eve an angel tells him he may go on dreaming in peace, until the day comes when Denmark is in danger; on which day (so the tale has always been) Holger Danske will rise to his feet, the marble table will burst asunder as he drags out his beard, and the whole world will ring to the unsheathing of his sword to rout his country's enemies. Our feeling is that Holger Danske has either overslept himself or else has deliberately given up the Danes as a bad job, as King Arthur has given up the Welch, long since. Arthur also sleeps at table in a cave somewhere in South Wales, in gleaming armour, awaiting the call to rise and rescue the Welch from whoever they need to be rescued from—Lloyd George, perhaps, or the B.B.C. But Arthur sleeps on and makes no sign, and we guess his expression is wry and bitter as he dreams. We 'd like to think he and Holger Danske could get together somehow and exchange disillusions.

Spy

WHILE woollies and what-nots are being knitted wholesale for the Navy, the Army, the Mercantile Marine, and the fishing fleets, nobody seems to be knitting much for our trusty spies, who are outnumbered by enemy spies in most of Europe and America (not to speak of Great Britain) at the moment by about ten to one, we judge after reading more revelations about the Nazis' Scandinavian coup. The quality of the service probably hasn't altered since Elizabeth's day, when our spies, domestic and foreign, were the best in Europe; but perhaps, like the public schools, they find the personnel needs recruiting. British parents before the war were possibly justified in hesitating before sending their sons into a service with relatively poor pay and prospects. ("My dear, we simply can't *begin* to afford to let poor Lionel become a professional spy. They say Balliol men always do well at it, but my *dear*, five pounds a week and find your own disguises, and absolutely *no* pension at the end!" He wants to be a dress-designer, now, poor darling."). Whereas in Germany every family has for years been a natural training ground for spies, and tiny Fritz and dear little Magda get a toffee-apple from the Gestapo every time they land one of their relatives in the can. No wonder, therefore, that British spies abroad are probably up against severe odds—and by spies we don't, of course, mean Service chaps seconded for special missions, à la Hannay, but the ordinary rank and file whose life-job it is.

Ham

ANOTHER international tour by a Comédie-Française company, this time through the Balkans and Turkey, has been one long artistic triumph, and we wish every time we read of such things we could forget that account of a similar official progress by J. J. Brousson, Anatole France's private secretary and victim. A Comédie-Française company travelled in the same liner as the Master to Buenos Ayres, and the cynical Brousson, who does not love mummers, especially when eminent, missed very little of the incidental fun, which began quite soon. At the end of a Government luncheon at Lisbon to Anatole France, at which the leading stage boys and girls, uninvited, did themselves remarkably well, France's most eminent tragedian, according to Brousson, rose, unasked, and made a sonorous speech thanking Barcelona for her hospitality to the cultural ambassadors of the French Republic.

Only chaps who have met and observed some of our own kings and queens of the stage in the flesh can fully appreciate Brousson's diary. The boys and girls are probably no more extravagantly quaint in expressing their ego than, say, a star Cambridge scientist or a Wimbledon ace, or any other spoiled darling of Press and public, but that rich aroma of ham, that delicious native cabotinage is infinitely more precious to the connoisseur. We know a dozen good actors, and about three good actresses, who are normal human beings with modesty, charm, and a sense of humour, but in our view they let the profession down. Your eminent mummer should be solemnly absorbed in his own magnificence and for ever treading, as Lamb said of Elliston, the green-baize carpet of high tragedy. We 're thinking of one at this moment who is a constant joy to meet, not only for his flashing eyes and wonderful voice, but for the regal and quite sincere unbending of his manner. For some reason big boys of this type don't welcome applause off-stage, however spontaneous. Maybe it 's connected in their minds with something rather vulgar, such as wads of money.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"And I suppose they've sent our leaves out to the Near East"

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus, I knows the last war was the 'War to end War,' but this 'un is just plain —— —— war, see?"

"Up and Doing":

Carroll Gibbons (with piano), Cyril Ritchard (with teeth), Leslie Henson (with face), Binnie Hale (with legs), Stanley Holloway (with voice)

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Two More Revues

WHAT a cast for *Up and Doing*, at the Saville! Leslie Henson: positively his revue début. Binnie Hale: making antic hay of Evelyn Laye and Frances Day. Cyril Ritchard: showing slinky, lank-haired Hollywood torch-singers where they get off. Stanley Holloway: with his latest Albert. Patricia Burke: singing quite seriously, "I've had lots of emotions In various places," but singing well, and dancing well, too. Enid Lowe. Hedli Anderson. With so many reputations not on any account to be impaired, so many people to be kept happy *on* the stage, the result is inevitably more patchwork than pattern. But there is brilliance. There is dazzle. With three or four top-class turns.

AMONG these, Miss Hale's strict and astringent imitations, which are superb. Miss Hale again with Mr. Ritchard as a Lady and a Soldier in a flickering period peep through a mutoscope on a pier, which is ideal. And Mr. Ritchard again with Mr. Henson as a couple of Pukka Sahibs putting Mr. Holloway right on the facts of India as he recites "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God." Other turns, including a Hitler sketch, call for less praise. Mr. Henson, always first-rate in character, tells a lot of rather old stories for a very long time. A dreary Irish operetta lasting about four hours could have a good three hours and sixty minutes taken out of it. Miss Hale warbles an American love-song in a mediæval setting—and if there's one thing revue always falls down on, it's the Middle Ages.

So some may feel that, with such a galaxy, *Up and Doing* is not quite as good as it should be. My own opinion is that it comes quite well out of the difficult circumstances.

OF *New Faces*, at the Comedy, one expects less and gets more. Hedley Briggs, the producer, has a genius for unpretentious shows. Eric Maschwitz, the author, hits the right weight, and having contributed a delicious sketch on how modern songs are concocted, stands aside for Jack Davies, Junior, to contribute another on inactivity at the front, and for Messrs. Ellison and Shaughnessy to contribute a third in which Bill Fraser, a clever newcomer, seethes with romantic passion while Betty Ann Davies remains as cool as a cucumber. Miss Davies tops the girls. Her Blonde from the pages of *Esquire* is a masterpiece of toughness. And Charles Hawtrey, though he has been discovered before, has not hitherto been discovered so cleverly. His composer is a dream and his lady spy is worthy to rank with Beatrice Lillie's. He will be much wanted.

Revues without stars have a hard fight for it, but this one should make its way. Remember that stars have a way of knocking revues sideways, either because they demand all the fat and so upset the balance, or because, in the absence of fat, they still insist on keeping up lots of appearances. One day, no doubt, many of the clever people in *New Faces* will have become stars, and will be behaving as such. But for the present they behave charmingly, with very happy results.

Sketches by Rouson

"New Faces": Judy Campbell, Jeremy Hawk, Zoe Gail, Bill Fraser, Betty Ann Davies, Hazel Jennings, Frith Banbury, Charles Hawtrey

Photographs by Anthony

Right: ***Megs Jenkins*** *as the catastrophe-creating slut in "The Light of Heart"*

Megs Jenkins: Character Actress

The football-pool-mad, bragging, prattling slut who is continually on the stage in Emlyn Williams' *The Light of Heart* is played by Megs Jenkins, twenty-three years old last week. Ivor Brown said that she seemed able to tackle "any dialect and any walk of life," and she has certainly done so in her three years on the London stage. Coming from four years at the Liverpool "Rep," to the Player's Theatre (where she is still one of the high spots with her versions of Marie Lloyd's and Vesta Victoria's songs), she went into the Gate's 1937 revue, *Members Only*. Bronson Albery spotted her and gave her the village-girl part of Maggie Bywoods in *Can We Tell*. This she followed up with a well-praised vignette as the Dutch girl Trana in Merton Hodge's adaptation of *The Story of an African Farm*, and when *Heaven and Charing Cross* came to the St. Martin's, a year ago, she again took on the part she had when it was at the Player's. All these were small parts, but Megs Jenkins was rapidly impinging on the public consciousness and after an important film role in *Silent Battle*, she got her current chance, and takes it with both hands

***Head** of one of the two Victoria canteens is Mrs. Edward Baron, wife of the chairman of Carreras, Ltd. She runs the platform canteen, works there every day, takes a particular interest in its equipment and decoration, to both of which her husband's firm have contributed "specialities," such as cretonne curtains, air-conditioning plant, electric-toaster and poacher*

***Storekeeper** of the platform canteen is Miss Betty Baron, daughter of Mrs. Baron. She too works there every day, and takes her turn at serving, as here, cooking, washing-up. She had had no previous experience of store-management, but does it extremely well—her mother vouches for that*

"Are You Being Served?"

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

No. 2. The Y.M.C.A. Canteens at Victoria

In this new "Bystander" series (which began last week at Euston), our second visit is to Victoria. Platforms beloved in peacetime of ski-ers, sun-bathers, week-end trippers, and long-distance travellers are now swarming with khaki, endlessly coming and going. For all these soldiers, and for sailors and airmen as they pass, two Y.M.C.A. canteens cater, night and day. One is actually on the Continental departure platform, and here the ebb and flow coincides precisely with leave trains coming and going. This canteen is the one generously enlarged and equipped by Carreras, and run by the wife of that firm's chairman. The other, in the old Imperial Airways building at the Continental station entrance, is attached to the Central Information Bureau of the Welfare Department, Eastern Command and London. Here officers and men can pass longer waits for their trains. There are, besides the canteen, a rest-room, an officers' room, an enormous cloakroom where rifles and equipment can be left free of charge. Canteen staffs are all voluntary. Prices of food are the same as those given on our Euston pages last week—i.e., standard Y.M.C.A. prices

***Head** of the Central Information Bureau canteen is Mrs. Richards, who is also storekeeper. She nursed in the last war, was at a Stoke Newington canteen for the first months of this war, has a son who volunteered for service in Finland. All workers at this canteen wear green overalls*

***Cooking** at the platform canteen is Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Edward Baron's secretary. The willow-pattern plates are part of the special equipment given by Carreras, and so is the boiling-water container, heated by gas, and asbestos-covered to keep the kitchen cool*

***Washing-up**, as in all Y.M.C.A. canteens, is done by all the voluntary staff in turn. The green-rimmed mugs, often taken away by the men as "a present from England," are another speciality of the platform canteen supplied by Carreras. On duty are Miss Colvin and Miss Newton. The former does all-night duty twice a week, as well as several days, and works at the St. Martin-in-the-Field's canteen as well*

Rest-room, *at the Central Information Bureau canteen, is part of the old St. Stephen's Club, is furnished with comfortable sofas and chairs. Often as many as a hundred men doss-down here when they have some hours of the night to pass before trains (but if they have a whole night must go to one of the many Service clubs available). Here Private E. Dunn was having forty winks, Lance-Corporal Coombs was writing home*

"Cup of Tea" *(actually a mug) is almost every soldier's order. Tea is made with real milk; the Y.M.C.A. only permit the use of tinned milk when a sudden rush empties every milk-bottle. Canteen-servers are Miss Watson, Mrs. Pollock, Miss Joan Hughes*

Potato-peeling *(left) is the Information Bureau canteen's genuine French cook, Mrs. A. C. MacLeod. She was awarded two Medailles de Mérite by the French Government in the last war for her work in running a home for refugees. Her home is now in Scotland; she has a son in the Black Watch who is a magnificent ski-er, and volunteered for Finland. She never gets ruffled, even when an order for "eggs-and-bacon ten times" comes from the counter. With her is Mrs. Pollock*

Information *about accommodation, shops, places of interest in London, entertainment are given at the Central Information Bureau, as to the R.A.F. man on the right. Arrangements have just been made with the West End Theatrical Managers' Association for the distribution of seats free and at reduced prices*

Cutting rolls *on the left is Mrs. Laking. She walks from her home in St. James's Court every day to work at the platform canteen at Victoria. Among other regular workers on the rota at this canteen are Lady Claud Hamilton, Mrs. Rupert Brooke, Miss Patricia Pimber, Miss Elizabeth Peyton, Miss Anne Flower*

Serving tea *in the officers' room at the Central Information Bureau is Miss Joan Hughes (right). This room is a Victoria speciality, as most canteens don't cater for officers. Non-alcoholic drinks and snacks can be obtained. Flowers for every room are sent in twice a week by a big London florist*

Pamela May, pink-dressed for Dawn in the Divertissement of the third act, has a difficult solo which she dances with a serene and confident grace

June Brae as Prayer is the other chief soloist of the Divertissement. Technical problems are not allowed to break the tender, pensive mood of her dance

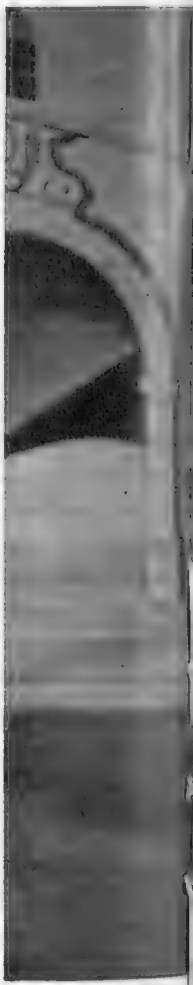
Claude Newman, excellent as Dr. Coppelius, makes the old doll-maker at once doddering, spritely and wicked

"Coppelia": Revised, Re-dressed, Reset, and Complete with Third Act, at Sadler's Wells

Nearly seventy years after *Coppelia* was first given in Paris at the Théâtre Impériale de l'Opéra, to Delibes' fascinating music, it has been revived again at Sadler's Wells. As in 1933, when Lydia Lopokova danced Swanilda, the choregraphy is based by Sergueeff on that of L. I. Ivanov, and William Chappell is responsible for the new settings and dresses, which are extremely successful. The chief part, which since 1933 has been taken by Ninette de Valois and Elizabeth Miller, is now given to Mary Honer, with Helpmann in the role formerly taken by Harold Turner. What is most notable about this revival is the addition of Act III., which London audiences saw for the first time in this generation when Massine's company gave *Coppelia* in 1938, with Danilova as Swanilda. The Divertissement of which this act consists is for soloists and corps de ballet a real tour de force. It includes an extremely difficult pas de deux for Swanilda and Franz, as well as their variations, solos for Pamela May and June Brae, a Spinning Song pas de quatre, and a Finale ending in a whirling pattern of fouettés and pirouettes by the whole company which is most brilliantly done

Photographs by Anthony

Act I.: the scene is painted in bright, clear colours, pennants fluttering from the red roofs in a fresh, sunny breeze. The peasants wear the gayest possible dresses of scarlet, violet and white for their Mazurka. On the right of the stage are Palma Nye and Richard Ellis



Mar
outsta

Ursula Moreton, *star character dancer of the company, has a Czardas in the last act with Richard Ellis as partner*

Mary Honer and Robert Helpmann *are Swanilda and Franz. This is one of the best things Mary Honer has ever done at Sadler's Wells, both in sustained characterisation and technical brilliance. Her Swanilda is simple, warm-hearted and happy, no matter of what intricacy or sustained difficulty her pas de deux and solos. Helpmann, as always, is a perfect partner, and, as always, makes the very most of the acting opportunities of his part*

Honer's *batterie and pirouettes are dingly good—clean, strong, and well-finished*

Act III.: *finale of the Dance of the Hours*

News for the World

London's Corps of Foreign Correspondents

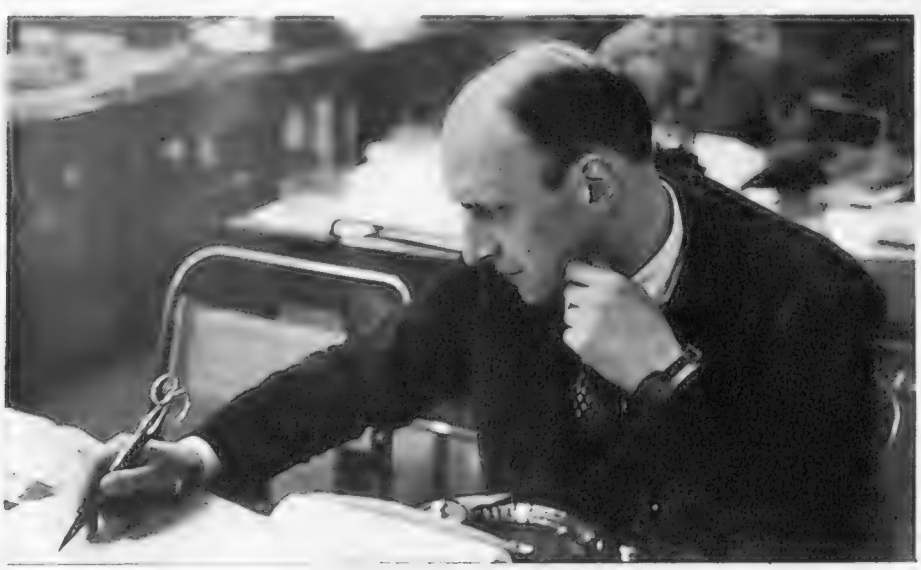
In the heart of London University's skyscraping Bloomsbury home a large lecture-hall, its walls lined with telephone booths bearing strange names on their doors, has become the Press Room of the Ministry of Information. There most of these photographs were taken while the London correspondents of the world's Press digested Britain's war communiqués, ground out their despatches, or awaited the ruling of the Censors. These are the men who from that room tell the world what Britain is doing, the majority of them far less inclined to grumble (maybe because they have experience of censorship and obstructionism in other countries) at the Ministry's working than are the British Press

***President** of the Foreign Press Association, the powerful organisation which watches over the interests of the banded-together London correspondents of newspapers and agencies all over the world, Dr. Stefan Litauer represents the Polska Agencja Telegraficana, official Polish news agency which has not been allowed to be swallowed up with its unhappy fatherland. Dr. Litauer was formerly a diplomat in Berlin and Moscow, twin invaders of his country. Fittingly, he is one of the best of the Press corps' many good linguists, speaking English, French, German and Russian as well as Polish. The war broke out on the tenth anniversary of his arrival in London*

***Spain** and England have had their differences during and since the civil war, but Don Luis Calvo, London correspondent of the Madrid daily "A.B.C.", sees and rejoices in an improvement in their relations. A bachelor, Don Luis is forty years old*

***Finland** provides the "baby" of this group of correspondents. Arvo Aari, twenty-seven-year-old correspondent of the "Helsingin Sanomat," wanted to go home for a smack at the Russians when that particular war was on, but was told to stick to his post*

***Argentina** has an English representative in Leonard Spearman, London correspondent of "La Nacion" of Buenos Aires. Mr. Spearman, who is seen in the Press Room of the M. of I. discussing a despatch with Mr. Everill (right), his colleague on "La Nacion," used to work for "The Times," and has travelled in South America*



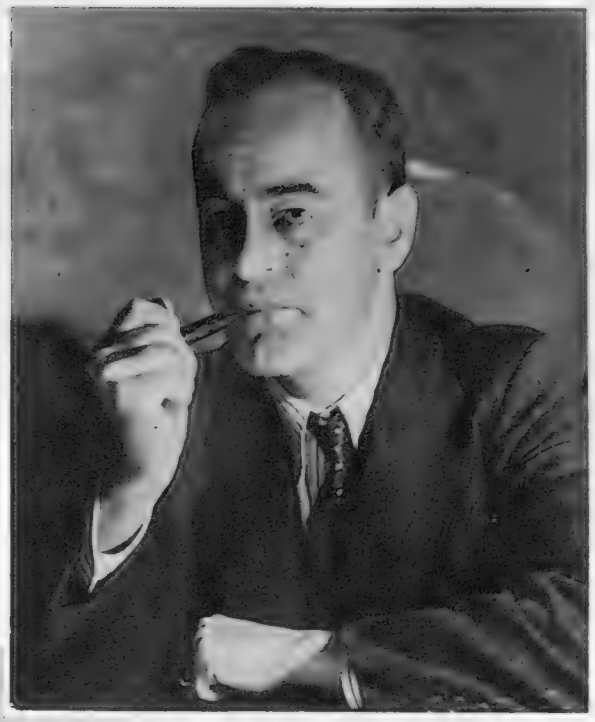
***Italy** places great reliance on the news printed in "La Stampa," one of the more influential and less subservient of her Government-watched papers. As far as London is concerned, that news comes from world-traveller L. Rea, who has been in London for two years, after a migratory career which has included an interview with the Viceroy of India. Signor Rea's American wife lives away from the battle on Long Island*

***Japan** depends for foreign news almost entirely on the world-wide, tightly-controlled Domei national news service of which Saijo Hasegawa is London correspondent. The abacus he is holding gives the Oriental expert more accurate and indeed rapider results than our mental arithmetic*

Photographs by

Roumania *gets its British news from Otto Michael Smilovici, diplomatic correspondent of the Agence Rador, official Roumanian agency, and representative of several newspapers besides, as well as Continental manager of the "Financial Times"*

Czechoslovakia *now has its national organ, "The Czechoslovak," printed in England, and Bohus Benes, nephew of the Czech President, writes for it. Before the annexation of his country M. Benes was London correspondent of the "Prager Presse" and "Ceske Slovo." He came here four years ago and hopes to leave soon as a member of the Czech Legion*

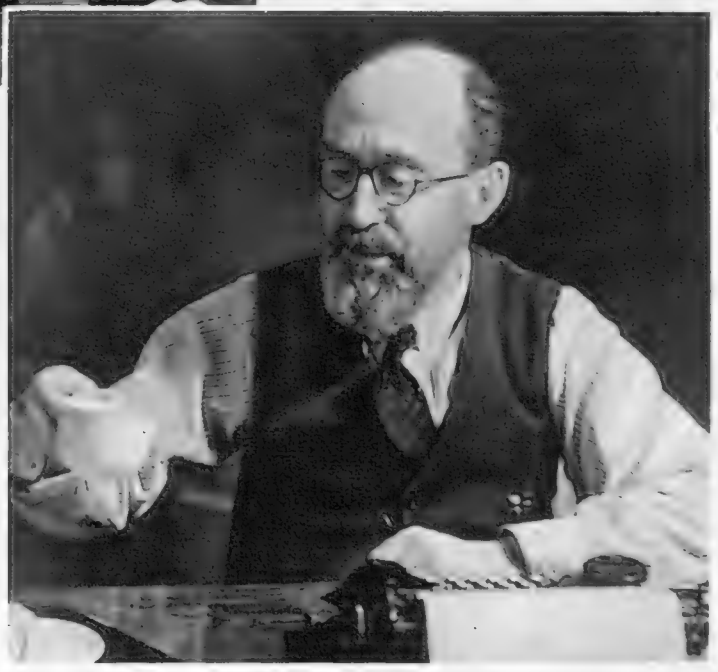


The U.S.A., *as represented by the "New York Times," sent Raymond Daniel over here at twelve hours' notice as its chief London correspondent, on the day Germany invaded Poland. Mr. Daniel, who had to leave his wife and children in New York, has been with the "Times" since 1928*

Hungary *expresses to the world the views of its Foreign Office through "Pester Lloyd," one of the most famous of all Central European newspapers, of which thirty-four-year-old Andrew Revai has for four years been London correspondent*

France *naturally keeps in the closest touch with her ally's news, and Pierre Maillaud, chief correspondent of the Havas Agency, has at only thirty an extremely important job. He has spent eight years in London, where his children were at school at the Institut Français until, as part of the general evacuation of September, the school moved down to Cambridge*

Switzerland *keeps in close touch with the goings-on of both belligerents, and the "Neue Zürcher Zeitung" is frequently quoted in our Press as a news-channel from "the other side." Dr. Hans Egli, here dictating to his secretary, is the paper's London representative and has been here for eighteen years*



Honorary Secretary *of the Foreign Press Association, Arnold Vas Dias takes off his coat to his work in the Press Room of the M. of I. He is correspondent of the Amsterdam "Telegraaf," and has been in England for fourteen years. M. Vas Dias is fifty years old and has a wife and three sons over here with him*

ctorial Press

Tapping the maple-tree for the sap is a slow job, the phrase "the sap is running" being more figurative than accurate. Into a round hole bored with an auger a tap is plugged. Sap trickles drop by drop into a bucket, which takes about a day to fill, less in years when sap is thin and poor, more in an especially rich season. The girl here skis over the wintry-reminiscent snow from tree to tree, watching the gradual filling of the buckets, decanting one into another to draw off quickly enough sap for the boiling

Boiling of the syrup takes place in a special hut. Sap is poured through a hole in the roof into a tank, thence fed slowly into a series of troughs over a maple-wood fire. A boy splits logs beside the hut, passes them inside to the fire feeder. The syrup thickens as it boils down from trough to trough, is finally drained off into cans and becomes what we know as maple syrup, or, after still more boiling, turns into rich brown blocks of maple sugar

The Sap is Running

Canada Makes a Party of Spring Sugar-Gathering

Like haymaking over here, "sugaring off" is for Canadians at once a chance for a party and a means of helping the farmer in with his crop. Snow is still on the ground and frost in the air, when the call that "the sap is running" sounds the first clarion of the awakening year. The farmer with a "sugar bush" as the special clumps of maple-trees are called, and every farm in Eastern Canada has one, goes round with auger, taps and buckets to draw the sweet sap. Willing helpers descend on him, and the party is on. Snowballing and ski-ing break the day's routine of visits to the trees to see how the buckets are filling, and to the boiling hut to pour the sap into the tank, and to get advance specimens of the syrup. Sugarers take a bucket into the hut, and the boy in charge draws off a ladleful of the boiling syrup and cools it in the snow to be licked, sucked or chewed by the helpers, a rich sweet which takes some working off in the sparkling air

Sampling this year's vintage in the raw is one of the major functions of the "sugaring party" which comes out with skis to help the farmer gather in the sap. This pleasant interlude in the business of bringing in the buckets has its use too, for all the sugarers are expert enough to know from a draught of "the rough" what the quality of syrup and sugar will be this year

Photographs by Pictorial Press

Films of the Day

The Four-Hour Colossus

By George Campbell

Boys will be boys and critics will be wags, and *Gone With the Wind* has released all that is most waggish in them. We have been treated to notices written as progress reports from a party of explorers undergoing stern endurance tests; manifestations of judicial ignorance like *The Times'* critic's "based on a novel by Margaret Mitchell"; and wisecracks on going in like "See you Whitsun."

Even on the purely factual side the progress of this celluloid Colossus is grotesque. In this country it has started a battle to the death between Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association. Great Britain's 5000 exhibitors are being urged to refuse to pay the 70 per cent. of the takings asked for by M.-G.-M. After weeks of wrangling behind the scenes the contest is now public and all-in, as you may judge from a special bulletin issued by the exhibitors with pointed references to Mr. Sam Eckman's alleged £46,000 a year. What his salary has to do with the issue is not clear, but the exhibitors point out rather bitterly that it is as much as a grateful nation pays the entire British War Cabinet. M.-G.-M.'s reply would probably be that Sam Eckman would do their work for less.

In the U.S.A., too, *Gone With the Wind* has started troubles, of a different kind. They include, according to a trade journal, "nervous breakdowns, enforced vacations for managers and other members of house staffs, broken ribs among ushers, heavy toll upon rest-rooms, complaints from cleaners, and no end of relief for the cops who have had to handle unprecedented crowds. Cashiers have grown older fast, and managerial forces have gone farther than that and grown grey hair in a matter of weeks trying to cope with the crowds. In one of the larger houses a smart-alec cut the tape holding back the crowd and in the confusion a man with a cane punctured an usher's lung." Ah, well! Per ardua ad astra. If you want art you 've got to suffer for it.

This brings us to the point. Just how artistic *is Gone With the Wind*, and just how much do you suffer? The answer to both questions is, I think, quite a bit. I for one, when the first half ended with Vivien Leigh flinging up her arms against a Technicolor sky, apparently the only sort of sky they have way down in Dixie, felt that I had seen a longish picture and could do with a longish Scotch. The thought that one was only half-way, that *Gone With the Wind* takes nearly four hours to pass a given point, was a trifle intimidating—so intimidating, in fact, that the *Evening Standard* gossip-writer says he went back next day for the other half, and recommends others to do the same. I don't know whether this is a subtle plan for doubling M.-G.-M.'s estimated £5,000,000 from this production, or just a manifestation of chic that most of us (at 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.) can't afford.

When at last the thing was over I felt that I had been through a physical and, to a lesser extent, emotional experience. I say lesser because, amidst battalions of women deliciously wringing handkerchiefs, I, who am as easily moved as most, had no difficulty in maintaining a manly phlegm. The death of Melanie seemed to me affecting, for the character has nobility and is played by Olivia de Havilland with an endearing grace that frankly rather surprised me. For the rest, old Gerald O'Hara is just a nitwit, the child's death is too obviously contrived to wring your withers, and the sufferings of the uniformed extras are merely painful. As for Scarlett O'Hara, I could only echo the sentiments of her last and luckiest husband when he lived to walk out on her. "But what is to become of me?" she wails; to which Rhett Butler replies, fixing his hat firmly on his head, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a God-damn."

The acting is good all round and in one case brilliant. Clark Gable, after all, turns out to be the man to play Rhett Butler; I have already praised Olivia de Havilland's winsome Melanie; and Leslie Howard does all that can be done with Ashley Wilkes, so charming and so nebulous. Best of all, I think, is Hattie McDaniel's old black Mammy, a magnificent bit of character-acting, full of humour, charm and gusto.

As for Vivien Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara, which won Hollywood's award for the best acting of the year, I can only offer a qualified opinion, not having read the book. If Miss Mitchell's Scarlett is as shallow and stupid a little schemer as she appears in the film, then it is not Miss Leigh's fault that she failed to engage my interest. In adversity, after the war, her courage and fire are admirably suggested, but by that time it is too late. Women, they say, follow her career in the book as if hypnotised, possibly because there is notoriously a bit of the minx and the rake in every woman. Men, in fiction anyway, find the type less engrossing, which justifies the prophecy that *Gone With the Wind* will prove a woman's picture.

Most of the other new films are disappointing. The theme, and the fact that it was directed by Jean Renoir and has Louis Jouvet and Pierre Renoir in the cast, led me to expect great things of *La Marseillaise*. Alas! I went to sleep; and if anybody reproaches me with inattention to my job, I can only suggest that sleep, too, is a form of criticism. The story is crude and the characterisation, apart from Renoir's touching Louis XVI., too superficial to be of interest.

"The Spirit of the People" also raised high hopes, but either Robert E. Sherwood's play, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, was overrated on Broadway, or it has lost something in translation to the screen. Though Raymond Massey's Lincoln has dignity and a gentle charm, he lacks some of the rawboned strength and gusto one expects in the most powerful wrestler and best-teller of Rabelaisian stories on the frontier. I took an invincible dislike to the nasal, dictatorial Mrs. Lincoln, but as she is intended to be a bit forbidding, that is presumably not the fault of Ruth Gordon, remembered in London for her hit in *The Country Wife*.

Unanimous, *whatever they think of the film as a colossal whole, are the critics about Hattie McDaniel as the Tara household Mammy in "Gone With the Wind." They take the same view as the Motion Picture Academy, which judged hers the best performance of the year in a supporting cast. Vivien Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara gets both praise and criticism, with the scales well tipped to the favourable side. "Gone With the Wind" is reviewed on this page, and pictures appeared in the "Bystander," April 10th (pages 48-49)*

"Bystander" Short Story

The Pearls That Failed

By H. T. W. Bousfield

THIS STORY WILL BORE SOME WIVES, BUT SOME HUSBANDS MAY SAY TO THEMSELVES: "GOD BLESS MY SOUL, NOW! I WONDER!"

* * *

THE fun, if it was fun, began when Elaine, shortly before Easter, produced a little tinsel-covered cardboard box and said to her husband:

"John, dear, you gave me such a generous present for Christmas, I don't want you to get me anything at all expensive for Easter. In fact, I ought not to have an Easter present at all. But if you do mean to give me something, I thought you might like these pearls. I got them on approval in a sale. They swear they 're real, and they only cost three pounds. Isn't that marvellous? A double string, and only three pounds! Wouldn't you like it to be your Easter present to me?"

"But how can they be real?"

"They 're cultured, of course, silly!"

"Well, I think they look rather mingy and the clasp is sheer sixpenny bazaar. But if you like them. . . . What an economical darling you are! I feel a beast to give you such a wretched thing, even if there is a war on."

"But as they 're twisted, John darling, don't you see nobody will be expected to take them seriously? Just a choker. Besides, pearls always suit me, and this will save my good string."

They had a kiss on that, and John once more gave thanks for a wife who had, after all, a kind and generous heart when times were bad.

What happened next was Elaine lunching at the Berkeley with her *very* special friend, Edmund. Edmund was special in a special way. He and Elaine used to go to race meetings together (John, of course, had an office and could never get off), and although poor old John had never been a bit jealous in all the four years they 'd been married, and never said anything but "Good luck, darling!" if Elaine said she had had a free lunch somewhere with anyone, there was something so special about Edmund that when Elaine and Edmund had lunch, somehow Elaine never talked about it afterwards.

"Oh, to-day? I was *so* bored, darling. I had to lunch with mother and hear all about that ghastly Peke again."

Why shouldn't people of opposite sexes have lunch together?

Many years ago a famous dance-band had a charming little signature song:

"I can see that you are married,
And you know I'm married too,
But nobody knows that you know me
And nobody knows that I know you.
If you care to we 'll have luncheon
Every day here just the same—
But, Sweetheart, if you talk in your sleep,
Good God——! Don't mention my name!"

Such was the general idea with Edmund and Elaine, and very charming and romantic it was, too. Elaine always said she was devoted to John, and Edmund admitted that his wife had always been his best friend. In fact, his wife's family had solved more than one economic problem for him, and they had (Edmund and Mrs. Edmund) a pledge of love in the person of a small son who already showed signs of being able to win a scholarship at Eton.

On the day of this particular lunch Elaine had decided that the three-pounds-string of pearls did look rather terrible, and loyally she fought down an impulse to ask John if she might change them before the sale was off for something a bit better. And then she remembered old Uncle Arthur's unexpected cheque for no less than forty shillings. She would add his two pounds to John's three and get a five-pounds choker she 'd noticed. The clasp wasn't much better, but the pearls looked less like something out of a cracker.

With this aim in mind for the afternoon's amusement, she arrived quite punctually at the Berkeley.

The brain-wave had given a fresh sparkle to her pretty blue eyes and a glow to her pretty pink cheeks. Her yellow hair looked more vital than ever under her absurd little dark blue hat.

Edmund did not hesitate. He ordered oysters (with a special admonition to the maître d'hôtel) and two "White Ladies." He ordered, in fact, everything that he knew went best with Elaine's very healthy appetite, and when the crêpes Suzette had given place to coffee he *insisted* upon peach brandy.

Edmund has always had full marks for ordering a proper lunch for a pretty woman.

He said how lovely she looked. He tried (in a very gentlemanly way, of course) to capture her hand. It was very expertly withdrawn. She told him she had been buying poor, busy John's Easter present for herself. She said she hoped Edmund had bought *his* wife something as pretty. She showed Edmund the wretched little choker and said she was thinking of improving it with Uncle Arthur's unexpected two pounds. Anyway, she said, she thought it was pretty and generous, even if the box was just tinselly cardboard and the clasp a trifle dull.

"I love any sort of pearls," said Elaine, "even if they 're not very good. You know, I 've been told I 'm one of those people who can keep pearls alive—and almost make them grow. Paris jewellers employ people like me to wear frantically valuable strings so that they don't lose their colour."

Edmund made another attempt to clasp hands, and then thought better of it.

"You ought to have all the pearls in the world," he said.

Elaine said: "Don't be silly, Edmund, please, or I 'd never have come to lunch. Besides, I must go now. I 've got to change these, and I 've heaps of shopping to do in Piccadilly before the black-out."

"Can I come with you?"

"Surely you 've got some work to do?"

"I have, but I can walk a few yards into Piccadilly, I suppose. Where 's your famous John?"

"Oh, John? He 's seeing some client in the country, I believe."

"Does he often go down to see clients in the country?"

"Before this damn war started he was always going away, and dining out, too, with City companies (whatever they are), and not coming back till about six in the morning."

"Leaving you at home alone, I suppose?"

"Well, naturally he couldn't very well take me with him. But the war seems to have stopped that sort of thing."

Edmund thought earnestly and hard.

"Will you promise me something? Will you let me know when John next does go out? Will you let me take you to a show—and we might go on afterwards to one of the bottle-parties you say you 've never been to? Will you, Elaine?"

"But we should be too late home. He isn't always as late back as six. John doesn't even know about you, remember. He 'd be furious. He 'd think——"

"My dear, I 'm too afraid he would have nothing to think about. But don't you agree we might have a good time together just once—in a non-intellectual way? I 'm not as intellectual as your infernal John, I know, but I 'll be as good as gold, and I do deserve a treat just for once as much as you."

Elaine said: "I do believe he 's going to be away for a couple of days next week on something to do with business in Edinburgh."

"Business, is it?"

"Well, that 's what he says, and I have no reason to doubt it. Yes, it would be fun, Edmund, and you 're quite a dear, even if you do have to be kept in order sometimes."

(Concluded on page 154)

"Would you like it to be your Easter present to me?"

There will still be holidays, and the clothes that used to be worn on cruises will be brightening English beaches. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have this very cosmopolitan bather in satin and Lastex yarn, labelled with all the places you used to go to. They have the anchor hat, too, in two shades of green, which ought to encourage the sun

May Morning

No need to cancel your engagements, to feel self-conscious or conspicuous, when maternity frocks are as cleverly designed as the model above. Madame Du Barry, who now has her salon in Suite 4, 9-10, Marble Arch, makes it in printed crêpe with a loose hip-length jacket from 4½ guineas. The detachable front panel conceals the various devices for easy adjustment, all very simple, with no hooks and eyes to be altered. This frock can, of course, be copied in other colours or materials. The illustrated brochure, which will be sent on application, gives interesting details of other models, including coats and dinner dresses; prices are from 57s. 6d.

Perhaps it is the influence of the mess jacket, perhaps it is simply that a short coat seems the natural complement of a swinging skirt. Whatever the reason, boleros are back. The sleeves may be long over a short-sleeved dress, short and tailored, or, as in the model on the right, made formal with a deep fur cuff. Jays, of Regent Street, have this two-piece for 8½ guineas in their ready-to-wear department on the second floor. The model shown is in lichen green, but it can be copied in other colours. A charming idea for guests at a wedding, or for the bride herself at an informal ceremony

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Ants in Guiana

By V. S. Pritchett

THERE is a story of Conan Doyle's about a lecturer who exhibited a living pterodactyl at the Queen's Hall. The creature (the lecturer told a sceptical audience) was one of many living in the "lost world" of Guiana. There on the curious table-topped crown of the Mount Roraima, in an almost inaccessible part of the jungle, survived the "lost tribes" of zoology, the dinosaurs and the flying reptiles. Scepticism gave way to faith when the pterodactyl bit and flapped its way off the platform and escaped out of the window into the lost world of Langham Place. (It is all a lie. The only place a pterodactyl can be seen, apparently in natural habitat, is in the grounds of the Crystal Palace; a very realistic stone group standing on the sandwich-strewn grass of Anerley.) Dr. Zahl, an American bio-physicist and the latest to get up the precipices of Roraima, reports nothing but a cold wind and a huge view. The higher one goes, the more disappointing life is. Here one looked down upon a vast stretch of green extending from horizon to horizon and which, looking like a spinach-bed, is really virgin jungle. As for creatures, apart from the deadly bushman snake and the chiming birds, the most remarkable are still the giant marching ants. These march breast forward, undeterred by anything, like Browning in the epilogue to *Asolando*—a trait which has given rise to many stories. The best is a coarse one to be found in Waterton's *Wanderings*, one of the classic books of South American travel. Waterton took elegance and impudence into the jungle.

Dr. Zahl takes insect bottles, Harvard habits and a Cézanne beard. He sailed over the jungle in a seaplane, coming down with some peril into the log-strewn rivers; and then, aided by a Seventh Day Adventist missionary lady, and in return for attendance at her Bible class, he collected porters and a diamond prospector, and went off after his termites. The giant ants enjoy the human leg, and can raise a bite which will cause ecstatic agony for two or three hours—while the natives sit around shrieking with laughter. They also depress investigators because of their totalitarianism. Anticipating *Mein Kampf*, the ants provide a life where, once a sanitary dustman, always a sanitary dustman, and (as with Hitler) no love-life thrown in. The life of insects is always full of disturbing morals. The ants, for example, can get nourishment out of wood because they have a parasite in the intestine which does their digesting for them. Apart from ants, there are the diamond racket (interestingly described), the tremendous gorges and waterfalls, and natives who make the best of two worlds by going about in a shirt and a bowler hat, and carrying a blowpipe and poisoned arrows. Here the Seventh Day Adventists have a responsibility; and apart from dressing up the natives and de-wiving them in accordance with the ideals of monogamy held in Oklahoma, they are interfering with the native diet by making them follow the Bible catalogue of clean and the unclean animals. However, the missionaries have to use interpreters, and these seem to interpret as they please. *To the Lost World*, by Paul A. Zahl (Harrap; 11*s*.), is a pleasant book.

SO is Dr. Christophersen's *Tristan da Cunha* (Cassell; 12*s*. 6*d*.). It is an account by a posse of scientists of that remote island of virtuous people in the Atlantic, all the descendants of a Scottish corporal and some lonely bachelors who sent to St. Helena for wives and drew lots for them on the beach when they landed. Tristan da Cunha attracts naturalists because of the birds: the stormy petrel, the wingless birds, the albatross and the molly. It also attracts doctors and dentists, for the island has had neither; and perfect health and no bad teeth—except among the married women—have been the result. Malnutrition in early years would, one would suppose, lead to fatal results. Not a bit of it. A hungry life of hard labour with no amusements has produced superb physical specimens. In latter years, since steam drove off the sailing-ships, the island has become lonelier, and the inhabitants have become more lethargic and conservative. The young women have nervous crises. Faced with the need of doing something about their agriculture, like Mr. Chamberlain, the islanders merely reshuffle. Conditions on the island could be improved, but not the virtue of the inhabitants. They are probably the most virtuous people in the world—no laws, no crime, and mutton at Christmas. Just like the end of *David Copperfield*.

LET us move on to *Mr. Moonlight's Island* (Heinemann; 9*s*. 6*d*.), a coral atoll in the Pacific. Mr. Dean Frisbie has written an unusual and eccentric novel. Sometimes the eccentricity is amusing, sometimes tedious. Mr. Moonlight is a trader and confirmed escapist, rather on the literary and philosophical side for my taste, who watches his amoral islanders conduct their shameless love-affairs and undesirable bargains, and discourses on the age of innocence. The names of these characters suggest that Mr. T. F. Powys has left Dorset for the South Seas: Deacon Bribery, Deacon Arrowroot (the other hypochondriac), Letter, the village idiot, Parson Sea Foam, and those nubile ladies, Miss Red-Jones, Miss Tears and Miss Tarn, the vampire. Mr. Frisbie gets a playful effect by westernising the South Sea names. The islanders are busily living happily, as Mr. Bertrand Russell told us all to do, and I felt some resentment, after being worked up like this, that Mr. Frisbie's sentimental, picaresque romance should lead his hero to marry the girl.

MR. G. L. GREEN'S *The Sound of Winter* (Michael Joseph; 8*s*. 3*d*.) is also original, but far more impressive. It is the story of a stupid man corrupted by a clever one. Bromback is a workman, Halge is the scholarship boy grown into a loafer but a brilliant gambler. With nothing in common, the pair are cronies. They have drifted together, unemployed who have become almost unemployable. Each is ruining the other and the women fight to separate them, for they perceive that at the root of this perverse companionship there is no real liking, but actually contempt and hatred. In the end Halge betrays Brombeck; Brombeck gets seventeen years for manslaughter, and Halge fights to reform and make good. A fascinating twist to the story is given by the behaviour of Bromback's girl. She marries Halge in order to get at the truth about the betrayal; and ends by loving and finally losing the man she had set out to destroy. The story is set in the hard winter of a Northern industrial town, and something of the foreboding which hangs over James Hanley's novels is in the scene; though Mr. Green is far from Hanley's power and imagination. Mr. Green's is an analytical and ingenious talent, rather than a profoundly imaginative one. The early episodes are highly dramatic, and half of the book is very exciting; the other half less so, for the story of Halge's reformation is a long one, and dissolves in time.

Under Mr. Green's subtle invention of human motives there is a suspicion of sentimentality and melodrama; but from the first page one realises that *The Sound of Winter* is not just another novel, and that it creates an original world.

"Once a Week"

"Onlooker," with his Friday evening talk, "Once a Week," is rapidly becoming a B.B.C. institution. At first it was planned to keep his identity secret, but cordons of newspaper spies round Broadcasting House soon elicited the announcement that "Onlooker" is Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., one of the most brilliant criminal lawyers of our time

Mr. Max Niven and Miss Platt, and Mr. David Niven

Henry Degacher (Max) Niven, Berkshire Yeomanry, and Doreen Platt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Platt, of Isipingo, Natal, were married at the Savoy Chapel, Strand. Film-star David Niven was best man to his brother. They are the sons of the late W. G. Niven, and the late Lady Comyn-Platt

Capt. the Earl of Aylesford and Mrs. Dugdale

Captain Lord Aylesford, Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Pamela Elizabeth Dugdale were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. She is the elder daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Coventry, and the Hon. Mrs. Coventry, of 50, Charles Street, W.1, and cousin of the Earl of Coventry. He is the ninth Earl, succeeded in 1924

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Mr. Grimston and Miss Drummond

Francis Bryan Sylvester Grimston is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Grimston, of Greycoats, Haslemere, Surrey. Monica Katherine Drummond is the younger daughter of Colonel the Hon. Sir Maurice and Lady Drummond, of Hill Place, Farnham Common, Bucks., and a niece of the Earl of Perth. They were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Miss Egerton and Lt.-Col. Barstow

Lieut.-Col. Thomas C. E. Barstow, late Gurkha Rifles, second son of the late Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. T. A. A. A. Barstow, and Hester Violet Egerton, second daughter of Mr. T. F. and Lady Clare Egerton, of Parkham, Binfield, Berks., and niece of Earl Temple of Stowe, were married at St. Michael and Angels, South Ascot

Lieut. Dering and Miss Druce

Rupert Anthony Yea Dering, King's Own Scottish Borderers, only son of the late Captain R. C. Y. Dering, and Mrs. Robin FitzGerald, of 49, Brompton Square, S.W.3, and Betty Bridgett Druce, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. V. P. Druce, of Rose Cottage, Charminster, Dorset, were married at Brompton Oratory

(Continued on page 152)

These Clever People . . .

No. 7. Writers, Painters, an Actress

Adèle Dixon, *one of the prettiest and liveliest of younger musical comedy-revue stars, takes her work so strenuously that she has no time for gadding about. Nearest approach to socialite activity is knitting furiously for Mrs. Simon Marks's Red Cross circle. If not on the stage, would probably have been a house-decorator. Thinks a room is like a scene; should be frequently shifted, and a new flat is an excuse for new decorations, and gives different shaped rooms to play with. She is in the Beatrice Lillie-Bobby Howes show, now on the road*

Colonel Paul Rodzianko *is married to Anita Leslie, only daughter of Shane Leslie. Since his "Tattered Banners," an enchanting autobiography, he has published, in collaboration with his wife, "The Life of Mannerheim." A past officer in the Chevalier Guards, he holds the rank of colonel in the British Army. A magnificent horseman, he has trained some of the best riders in this country and Ireland. Won the King's Cup at Olympia three years running. Has had nine serious falls riding. Runs a riding-school on Ham Common*

Captain Serge Rodzianko, *who played at Wimbledon for six years, both for France and Czechoslovakia, belongs to a famous Cossack family, and is a Galitzine on his mother's side. Was known to the horsy world as one of the finest exponents of Haute École ever. He and his brother, Colonel Paul Rodzianko, have too many cups and records to enumerate. Four years ago, Serge suddenly turned artist. Is rapidly becoming a fashionable portraitist. Sitters include Miss Esmée Harmsworth, Princess Natasha Bagration (on the easel), and Professor Freunde of the Cancer Institute. Hopes to become a British subject this month*

John Aldridge, *whose exhibition opened at the Leicester Galleries on April 4th, is the younger son of the late Captain Jack Aldridge, a crack steeplechase rider of his day, and of Mrs. Horace Lloyd, who has played first violin in the Newbury Amateur Orchestra for many years. At thirty-five, John Aldridge is still self-taught. He lives in Bardfield village, and paints intensely individual Essex landscapes. Has had pictures acquired by the Contemporary Art Society, Leeds Art Gallery, the Italian Ministry of Education. Is a classical scholar (Corpus Christi), and a charming hermit*

Hugh Kingsmill, *who lives a quiet family life at Hastings, has just published an unusual, introspective novel, "The Fall," a complete change from his "Matthew Arnold," "Samuel Johnson," "Frank Harris," etc. A superlative critic of English literature, his work is admired by the discerning. He plans a walking tour through Shakespeare's country with Hesketh Pearson. Their Scotch tour in the wake of Johnson and Boswell made an amusing book. Has written a novel about the Bard. Is Arnold Lunn's brother*

James Dyrenforth, *F.Z.S., is an American who has lived here since 1934. He came over to do some lyrics for B.B.C. musicals, and has been working for radio ever since. Has recently become a favourite compère. Is the author of "Adolph in Blunderland." The monthly radio revue, "Keep It Dark," is one of his programmes, and his tea-time medley, "The Music Goes Round," is popular. The current adaptation of "Uncle Remus" is also devised by James Dyrenforth, who spends nearly all his free time at the Zoo, where he has adopted two small tigers for the duration*

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Getting Married (Continued from page 149)

Gibbons — Lenox-Simpson

Sub-Lieut. John William Gibbons, R.N., son of the late Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stephen Gibbons, of Exton House, Exton, Southampton, and Alix Lenox-Simpson, daughter of the late Bertram Lenox-Simpson, and Mrs. Lenox-Simpson, of Fortafayre Havelet, Guernsey, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Hawksfield — Dale

Peter Hawksfield and Daphne Dale were married at St. Clement Danes, Strand. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hawksfield, of Ripple Court, near Dover. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Dale, of Stuart House, Sandwich, Kent

Luc — Holt

Robert Paul Luc, of the French Foreign Ministry, son of the late Paul Luc, and Mme. Luc, of Rosière-aux-Salines, and Penelope Jane Vesey Holt, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. R. Vesey Holt, of the Gables, East Bergholt, Suffolk, were married at Chelsea register office

Geoghegan — Hopkinson

Peter (George) Geoghegan, younger son of Colonel and Mrs. O. A. Geoghegan, of Lavethan, Blisland, Cornwall, and Marjory Sybil Hopkinson, daughter of Mrs. M. S. Hopkinson, of 5, Lancaster Gate, W.2, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Downes — Strickland

Gordon Morris Downes and Pamela Tyrone Strickland, daughter of Colonel G. T. Strickland, of New Melton, Hants., and Mrs. Kay Strickland, of 1, Sherwood Court, W.1, were married at Marylebone register office. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Downes, of Aston Lodge, Southborough

Asa Thomas — Fletcher

Capt. Edward Asa Thomas, R.A., son of H. Asa Thomas, of Bincham, Chailey, Sussex, and Mrs. Asa Thomas, of 14, Adelaide Crescent, Hove, and Patricia Marion Collingwood Fletcher, daughter of H. K. Fletcher, of Withdean House, Brighton, and Mrs. Wreford, were married at Preston Old Church, Brighton

Fellner — Inskip

Dr. Ernst Fellner, of 14, Hallam Street, W.1, and Constance Elizabeth Hamilton Inskip were married at All Souls', Langham Place. She is the youngest daughter of the Bishop of Barking (who married them) and Mrs. J. T. Inskip, and niece of Viscount Inskip

Urmston — Hutcheson

Lieut. Charles William Brabazon Urmston, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, only son of the late Captain and Mrs. Augustus Brabazon Urmston, of Gartincaber, Doune, Perthshire, was married at St. Modoc's, Doune, to Esmée Antoinette Fraser Hutcheson, of the Hewan, near Torquay

Marshall — Daubeny

Sub.-Lt. R. M. Marshall and Stella Muriel Daubeny, daughter of the Rev. P. M. and Mrs. Daubeny, of Salcombe, Devon, were married at Cloughton Parish Church, Yorks. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Marshall, of Wyke Lodge, Staintondale, Yorks., and is an Oxford and International Rugby player

Hickman — Morse-Evans

Major Sir Alfred Hickman, Bt., of Wyastone, Leys, Monmouth, married, as his second wife, Beryl Morse-Evans, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. T. G. Morse-Evans, of the Park, Bridge End, North Wales, at Caxton Hall register office

Bentinck — Street

Com. Wolf W. R. Bentinck, R.N., son of Admiral Sir Rudolf and Lady Bentinck, of Winklebury Hill, Basingstoke, Hants., and Yvonne Street, daughter of Colonel Harold Street, of Castlemead, Hythe, Kent, and the late Mrs. Street, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Pease — de Bunsen

Nicholas Edwin Pease, Middlesex Yeomanry, son of the late Ernest Pease, of Mowden, Darlington, and Mrs. Pease, of 40, Draycott Place, S.W.3, and Anne de Bunsen, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Arnold de Bunsen, of Tealby, Lincolnshire, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

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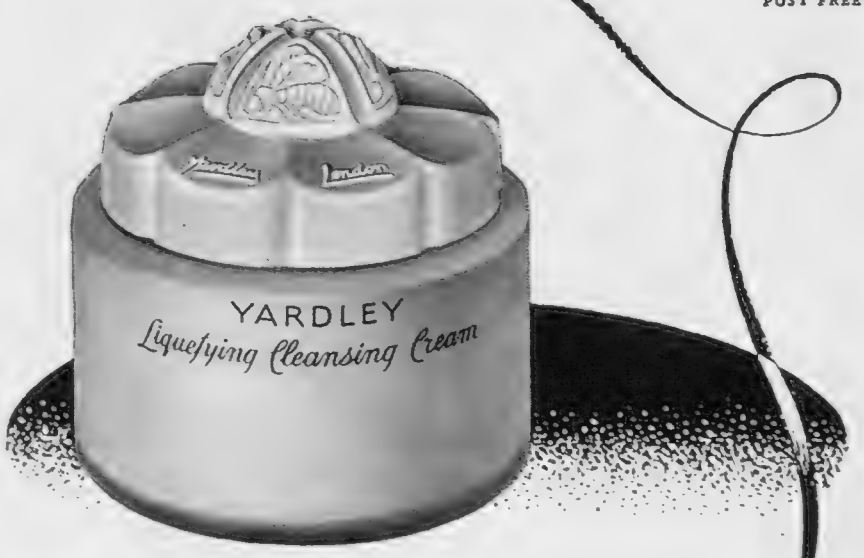

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'KORAY' PLEATED Skirts
'KONERAY'

The Pearls That Failed

(Continued from page 146)

She patted his hand. "Now get your bill, for I really must go and so must you. I'll let you know about John."

On their very roundabout way to Piccadilly they noticed a shop that specialises in pearls. They paused at the window. There was a very, very pretty double-row pearl necklace in that window.

Edmund said: "Look at that. Do you like it?"

"I think it's lovely."

"Let's go in."

"But why? I can't possibly afford that. And besides, they are much bigger and more beautiful than my little choker. I couldn't possibly afford it, and besides, as I told you, I've made up my mind to change mine for another *much* prettier one with Uncle Arthur's present."

Edmund was suddenly masterful. "We are going in."

The shop knew him. The necklace was tried on. The necklace was bought. They were out in five minutes. Elaine stopped in the doorway.

"I *can't* let you give me these pearls," she said. "What on earth would John say?"

"And why should John say anything? Aren't you a little wizard at every race meeting I've met you at? Haven't you given me tips that have won me hundreds? If I weren't a cad shouldn't I want to give you a tiny present? These are only cultured pearls, too, but they suit you better; you know they do. And they're not expensive."

"But they are so big and long."

"Now listen. Take your choker back and have this instead. Your John won't know the difference. And Uncle Arthur would far rather, I'm certain, that you bought something separate with his two pounds."

"But they aren't twisted."

"Well, go to some other shop and get them twisted, and put your old clasp on them. Only I shall know that your pearls are really mine. If your John pays you three pounds, don't you see he's still in a way paying for my little present?—which is really far less than you ought to have, considering the winning tips you've given me."

"But, Edmund, dear——"

"And isn't it rather fun—just a little joke between you and me—that John should be paying for *my* pearls?"

"I think it's quite shocking," said Elaine.

"Well, you promise to tell me if he goes to Scotland next week."

ELAINE was almost petulant that evening. John was as dull and tired as if he were fighting all the world's wars single-handed. Elaine said she would like to know when his visit to Scotland was coming off. Next Wednesday. "Good," said Elaine. "I think I'll go down to Kent for the night. I get so bored all by myself, and there's nobody in London. You know mother has got a house in Appledore and she's quite ill. Don't you think I ought to go down there?"

"I think," said John in his pompous way, "that it's very filial of you. But as you and your mother are always quarrelling, I'm rather surprised. Good for you," said John. "I never approve of enmities."

Now two mornings later—a Friday that must have been—John went down early and half-dressed to breakfast. His wife's letters and his had been put carefully by Elaine's maid into two separate heaps as usual, and one glance at his collection of bills decided John to go through the lot after he had been strengthened by a little hot tea and an egg or so.

In his pile when he was afterwards finishing dressing he found himself reading a letter from Edmund to Elaine that by some criminal folly had not even been stuck down. And the letter-heading obligingly revealed not only Edmund's address but his full name as well.

The letter asked urgently for confirmation of John's Wednesday visit to Edinburgh. It also hoped (very respectfully) that a party would be possible, and suggested an itinerary that seemed to cover most of London's most cheerful spots. Finally it urged Elaine to lunch on Monday at the Berkeley and discuss times and details, and there was a postscript about a new pearl necklace that sounded a bit irrelevant.

Perhaps John ought to have apologised for inadvertently reading a letter intended for his wife. Actually he didn't. Actually he stuck it down and left it on the hall table when he went to his office. And that evening he repeated that he was definitely going to Edinburgh on the following Wednesday. And Elaine said therefore she really would go down to Appledore to spend that night with her mother.

She was most considerate and affectionate, and insisted upon looking John's trains out for him.

John is perhaps not terribly intelligent, but he had a small brain-wave. He said: "I think you told me that little choker you want me to give you for Easter cost two-pounds-ten."

"Yes," said Elaine. John gave her then and there a cheque for two-pounds-ten. Neither of them seemed to remember that the price had been supposed to be three pounds.

AND this is where the story becomes so disappointing. John, like a great, big, Victorian he-man, laid a crafty trap. He cancelled his visit to Edinburgh—and then at the last minute Elaine said she, too, must cancel hers to Appledore because her mother had 'flu.

In his rage that he could not resume that cancelled appointment (losing good business thereby), John then started snooping.

What good did it do him?

He discovered, of course, that it was Edmund, not his mother-in-law, who was ill. By trial and error he discovered the shop whence the pearls had really come—and three independent valuers assured him they must have cost quite fifty pounds. This made him so cross that he actually returned them to Edmund with a rude note, only to get them back by return of post from Edmund's horrified wife!

And then?

Well, no doubt Edmund was snookered for the time being, but people have to keep on keeping on, so poor John apologised to Elaine, and even penitently embellished the necklace with a new and worthy clasp.

He says he's rather losing interest. He says he now thinks it is Elaine's best friend's husband that he ought to fear.

But the fact is, modern civilisation is getting the poor sap down.

THE END.

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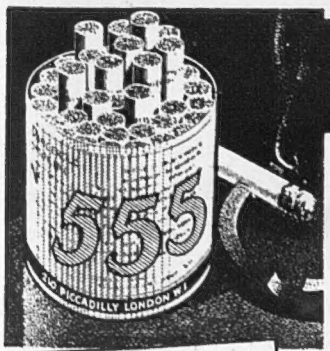

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Good Causes

HENRY COTTON continues to roll up the hundreds for the British Red Cross, until the £10,000-mark is now within sight. Clubs will probably have quite a healthy rivalry over the honour of actually tipping the total into five figures, and it seems on the cards that Formby may be the lucky club. Their date is Whit Monday, May 13th, when Henry Cotton and Richard Burton, the Open Champion, play J. Adams of Hoylake and Formby's own man, J. H. Busson, a thirty-six-hole four-ball match.

That ought to be extremely well worth watching, and no doubt the admiring pupils of all four will take the chance of learning much, as well as enjoying themselves and contributing to the best of causes. Busson has been a name to conjure with amongst the women ever since he put into Miss Elsie Corlett's swing just that little bit of extra activity which it had lacked, and so made it possible for her to come back from U.S.A. and win the English Championship in 1938. Miss Corlett had waited long to win her championship; it looks now as if she may wait long to lose it.

IF British Red Cross and the *Daily Sketch* War Relief funds have arrived first in the field so far as competitions amongst women golfers are concerned, there is another which only needs mention to get attention and support. Indeed, if we work on the principle that charity begins at home, the Duchess of Northumberland's Benevolent and Comforts Fund, Auxiliary Territorial Service, ought to come before everything. As an A.T.S. officer writes: "The Volunteers find it very heartening when trying to adjust themselves to a man's job that other women are thinking of their welfare and contributing to it." Without doubt it is largely lack of thought that so far the comforts of these women have been little considered. Requisitioned empty houses, draughty hutments and so forth can be ameliorated not a little by a few deck-chairs, cushions, carpets and so forth, let alone personal comforts in the way of extra clothes, and that is where this fund, of which the Duchess of Northumberland is President, H.M. the Queen Patron, and H.R.H. the Princess Royal Vice-President, comes in.

***The gutty match,** played at Mid-Surrey for the Red Cross by Henry Cotton and Archie Compston (gutty) and James Braid and J. H. Taylor (rubber-core), ended in a draw*

The Appeals Executive Committee includes Mrs. Gordon Barry, wife of the ex-amateur champion, and herself a faithful supporter of BYSTANDER Foursomes, particularly the Scottish variety. Even though a letter from her coincided with Sir John Simon's eloquence, the wish to see something done, to do something myself, in response, was immediate. And we can save our own health and sanity of mind with a little golf thrown in amongst hard work, as well as doing quite a lot towards helping the A.T.S., who are probably beginning to feel the pinch, and must increasingly lose the first glamour of novelty as their months of service go on.

OF course, it remains to be seen if big competitions can be organised these days; the *Daily Sketch* ones at Royal Mid-Surrey and Birkdale are brave ventures, and the L.G.U.'s official support was given to these and to club competitions in aid of the Red Cross at the Annual General Meeting. But Miss Macfarlane is reported by Mrs. Barry as "most enthusiastic that the L.G.U. shall do something about it," and in the meantime, surely the clubs themselves might give the Duchess of Northumberland's fund for the A.T.S. a heartener in some way or another. It may not sound much, but if only every club affiliated to the L.G.U.—there are nearly fifteen hundred of them—could manage to run something, from a jumble sale to a full-dress medal competition or knock-out tournament producing even one shilling each club (not player), that would mean seventy-five pounds. Not a princely sum, but a great many small contributions are more possible to collect these days than a few big ones—and just as valuable. Or we might each play somebody for a nimble sixpence, and then send it to the Duchess of Northumberland, 30, Eaton Square, London, S.W.1.

Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

IN the opinion of a good many shrewd people, cars are going to famine prices. As some of us remember, this is what happened during the last war. The 1914-model Singer, price £198, sold in 1919 for £598. There has been quite a brisk demand for new cars this past month. Of course, if compared to a normal April, when nearly 40,000 cars are registered for the first time, the figures, when available, will be just a fraction; but, considering everything (and not forgetting Income Tax at 7/6), the demand has been surprising.

Supply has been very limited and will be more limited. They say the makers cannot produce for the home market enough to fill one-third of the orders. So stocks are fading away. Stocks of 1939 cars, which ordinarily would now be on offer as "shop-soiled," at considerably under list prices, are selling quickly at nothing off. There is, in fact, a scramble for the few new cars, and especially for the genuine 1940 models.

Prices have been put up 10 per cent. all round, but it is pretty clear that there must be further rises—probably much bigger rises. Manufacturers are encouraged to maintain exports, and they get raw materials on the basis of last year's exports, plus 10 per cent. for the home market. But exports were in peacetime only 20 per cent. of output, which means that production is now restricted to perhaps one-quarter of capacity. Plainly you can't build 25,000 cars as cheaply as you can 100,000, let alone rising labour and material costs and higher prices for all components and accessories.

The newly-formed motor-export group is going to be faced with the problem of how to maintain export sales, hitherto so very satisfactory, if prices are forced up, as seems inevitable under present conditions. If bigger home sales were allowed, prices would not rise so much; the alternative appears to be subsidies. They are fighting shy of the word now, but prices must be economic if new markets in South America and sales in Australia and India are to be maintained.

WHITE lines have saved a good many lives and innumerable accidents since the war. We all know how helpless we would have been in the black-out this past winter without the lavish use of white paint, often in novel and ingenious ways, on roads and kerbs and tree-trunks and the like. On the other side of the ledger I reckon the case of a man who is now in hospital because of the national passion for white lines. A business man, he was on his way to work one morning, when he suddenly found himself charged head-on by a heavy lorry. A desperate swerve carried him on to the nearside footpath, but the lorry struck his car just behind his off front wheel, pinned it up against the wall, and gave him concussion and three broken ribs.

The reason for the lorry's vagaries was that its driver, pulling out to pass a stationary van, had discovered to his horror a man, stern on, busy repainting the centre white line. To avoid killing him, he had to pull right over to the far side of the road—just at the moment when my friend arrived there. Well, of course, it was not exactly the white line that was to blame, so much as the fact that it was a painted line, and that painted lines don't last. Painting, even with the little tennis-court marking-machines that a few councils are beginning to use, is a slow, troublesome, costly—and dangerous—job, and I cannot understand why county surveyors will not make the lines permanent. There are two or three satisfactory forms of white block that stay white in spite of mud and wear, and have a life long enough to recover the extra cost in the painting saved, with something to spare.

Or, better still, there are those cat's-eye reflecting studs, which have the special advantage of being brilliantly visible in the black-out. If the Minister of Transport is serious about the need for saving life on the roads, I cannot understand why he does not recommend (he cannot unfortunately order) that all pedestrian crossings should be marked by a double line of reflectors, and all major white lines indicated by them. A question in Parliament ought to be asked to ascertain why the spread of this great little invention is so neglected. It is not a proprietary article, so I am not giving anyone a puff.

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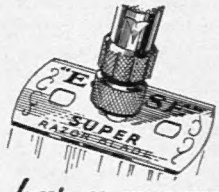

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She left this second drink untouched, for in less than a minute she had slumped in her chair and was sleeping soundly

Ray Singer could talk. It was a part of his job. And that night he let himself go. He had the whole thing cut and dried.

It was three or four months since he had first seen Peggy Doran at a small Hollywood restaurant called "The High Kick." Peggy had been working there as a waitress.

He had noticed the likeness right away, but without being much impressed. Hollywood was full of waitresses hoping to be mistaken for Dietrich, and elevator boys echoing the glamour of Robert Taylor.

And so it had been not until his fifth visit to "The High Kick" that the idea had dropped suddenly into Ray's mind that Peggy's likeness to Elena Witlock might have a potential cash value.

It was a very good likeness, the closest he had ever seen. Peggy not only looked like Elena, but talked and moved like her. They even shared certain little mannerisms.

There were small differences, of course, but nothing that mattered. Elena was two years older. She was British, while Peggy was American. But Peggy had had a stage training that enabled her to speak almost perfect English when occasion demanded.

Also, Peggy was the sweeter tempered, but this was not difficult.

On the screen, and so to the world at large, Elena Witlock was a honey-sweet, if somewhat aloof, goddess. Only her intimates and the people who were obliged to work with her knew better.

And of these, with the possible exception of her two ex-husbands, Ray Singer probably knew best of all, for he was Elena's business manager.

But he and Peggy had got along very well together from the start. He had "sounded" her cautiously from time to time, and had been delighted to find that her ideas about property, and more particularly about other people's property, were no less enterprising than his own.

Her mentality, as well as her looks, was admirably suited to the part he had designed for her to play. So that night in Peggy's apartment Ray Singer let himself go.

He talked without a break for nearly twenty minutes, very smoothly and earnestly. But not too persuasively, for he knew just how people reacted to too much persuasion. Especially the quiet and thoughtful type like Peggy Doran.

At length he came to the end of his proposition. He sat back with a gesture of his carefully manicured hand.

"Well, there it is, Peggy. That 's the whole of it. It 's up to you. If you come in, we can both go ahead and win. If not, then the whole thing just crumbles. What do you say?"

The girl said nothing for the moment. She just sat beside him on the settee, smiling faintly.

"You 're a cool devil," she said at last.

Ray laughed. "I guess we 're neither of us the type to get too excited about things."

"Not even about murder?"

"Not when it 's as safe as this one looks."

She said thoughtfully: "But there 's still bound to be some sort of risk."

"Sure there is, Peggy. There 's always a risk when you go out after something worth while."

"I know, but——"

"Listen. If we fall down on this, they 'll sit me in an electric chair and send you to prison for quite a stretch. Or maybe it 'd be a good old-fashioned British hanging for me, I 'm not quite sure about that. But what 's the chance we do fall down, when you come to work it out? There 's only one thing can happen that I can see, and that 's for one of us to get the jitters at some critical moment and give the whole darned show away. Well, I suppose it is a risk, if you want to call it that. Only I just can't see it happening. Not to people like you and me, anyway." . . .

This is an extract from "Passengers to Europe," by George R. Pilgrim, just one of the fine stories in the May Britannia and Eve.

ALSO IN THE MAY ISSUE

DELILAH UPSIDE DOWN
By Bruce Marshall

Having his hair pulled as a child was the only thing that Henri feared. When he commits a murder he is bald, so he has no fear of death, but as the day of execution draws near, his hair starts to grow again. A horrific story that will hold your attention from beginning to end.

IT NEVER WORRIES MEN
By Philip Neville

This quick-moving story tells of a test-pilot's wife, who's pride fights and conquers her fear as she watches her husband fling a dangerous experimental machine across the sky.

AN EXACT SCIENCE
By Arthur Mills

Scotland Yard showed the woman espionage agent a glimpse of the unpleasant alternative if she withholds information. But this beginner reacted in a way that surprised the experts.

NECTAR FOR MARS
By C. Patrick Thompson

This brilliant article gives details of the world's petroleum supplies, and shows the strategic importance of oil in wartime.

THE FOURTH SERVICE
By Stanley Jackson

The Secret Service is vitally important, in War and Peace. Read here of past happenings discovered by the special department which have influenced world events.

I LIKE HOLLYWOOD
By Margaret Chute

Once again Miss Chute takes us to Hollywood, to draw an absorbing pen-picture of the movie world she knows so well.

OLD TALES RE-TOLD
Written and Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

An Emperor's treachery provokes a woman's vengeance. When the Roman Empire split up, the Huns marched into Italy. The inhabitants were treated with typical Gallic brutality until they rebelled, and drove out the invaders. Then their leader was poisoned by a woman who had waited years for revenge.

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COOKERY
Fourteen delightful wartime dishes any housewife will find intriguing.

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Jean Burnup presents four pages of *chic*, practical clothes suitable for both formal or informal occasions.

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Three more delightful, easy-to-knit patterns—a tailored dress and jacket, a lacy bolero, and an evening sweater.

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